

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

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MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

MR. EDITOR—If you think the following extract will be interesting to your readers, you will please to insert it in your paper.

Extract of an EULOGIUM in commemoration of DOCT. CASPAR WISTAR, late President of the American Philosophical Society held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful knowledge—Delivered before the Society in the city of Philadelphia, on the 11th day of March, 1818. By the Hon. WILLIAM TILGHMAN, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society.

The value of Natural Science is ably and eloquently asserted in the following passage, wherein that dignified pursuit is triumphantly upheld, and vindicated from the aspersions of the ignorant.

"It has been asserted that the study of Natural Philosophy tends to infidelity, and even to atheism. To plead the cause of philosophy before this society, would be worse than waste of time. But as we are honored with the presence of numerous strangers, it may not be improper to say a few words in answer to this popular objection. It is not foreign to my subject; because, if there be truth in the assertion, instead of recommending our late president, as an example worthy of imitation, we should point him out as a delusive meteor, whose false light might lead the unwary to the pit of destruction. I shall say but little; for were I to permit myself to enlarge on the boundless subject, I should soon exhaust my own strength and your patience. In the sacred scripture, the repository of the revealed will of the Deity, we find it written, that God has not left himself without witness among the heathen; that is to say, his visible works bear witness to his existence and his attributes. And it is most true. The most barbarous nations are struck with the evidence, and acknowledge the existence of a power superior to man. But those stupendous works, which, in silent majesty, proclaim their Maker, do not disclose half their testimony to an ignorant observer. Nay, if not understood, there is danger of being misled by them. The untutored savage beholds the splendour of the sun, and perceives that from the warmth of its rays proceeds the growth of the innumerable vegetables which gives beauty and comfort to the world. Ignorant of its nature, he considers it as an intelligent being, and worships it as a god. What would be his sensations, could the darkness of his mind be instantaneously illumined by philosophy; how great his surprise at perceiving that this resplendent orb, the object of his adoration, was no more sensible than the brute earth on which he trod? With what astonishment, gratitude, and awe, would he contemplate that great Being who fixed the sun in its orbit, and clothed it with light? If we pass from the savage to civilized man, the effects of increased knowledge will be of the same nature. The most ignorant among us understand that the sun was created by God. To every one, therefore, it is a mighty witness of the existence and power of its Maker. But thousands and thousands see nothing in the sun, but the source of light and heat. Suppose now, their minds to be endued with a knowledge of all its won-

derful power—suppose them to view it as the centre round which revolve, in rapid and ceaseless motion, the immense bodies which form the planetary system, all bound by its attractive force, to one immutable path through the trackless void—suppose them moreover, to be informed, that the countless worlds which bespangle the firmament, are probably other suns, enlightening and supporting other systems of inhabited worlds!—suppose, I say, the mass of mankind to have ideas like these, would not the celestial bodies, to them, bear stronger testimony of the mighty God? And exactly the same argument is applicable to every thing animate and inanimate in the terrestrial globe—from intelligent man to the scarce moving shell fish—from the towering oak to the twining ivy—from the sparkling diamond to the dusky coal—from the massy rock to the fine sand—from the troubled ocean to the glistening dew drop—from the loud tornado to the whispering zephyr. Whatever floats in air, or swims in water, or rests on its unfathomed bed—whatever flourishes on earth's green surface, or lies hid in her capacious bosom—all the elements of matter, with their unnumbered varieties—all, all bear witness to their almighty Maker, and witness stronger and stronger as they are better understood—for every thing is perfect, every thing a miracle. How then can it be that as evidence increases, faith should diminish? The thing is impossible. When the understanding is convicted it is not in human power to withhold belief. But, it has been said, that the pride of man perverts his understanding—that intoxicated with his own little discoveries, he forgets his Maker, and with the fool, says in his heart, *there is no God*. In theory it is not true; nor is it in fact. That there are melancholy instances of extraordinary intellect destroyed by intense study, is not to be denied. And candour would ascribe to that cause, the atheism attributed, perhaps unjustly, to a late celebrated French astronomer. But such cases are rare. On the contrary, the instances are without number, where reason has maintained her seat, and the belief in God has been confirmed. To give the highest examples at once, I shall mention Newton in England, and our Rittenhouse, whose minds the mighty Maker seems to have touched with celestial fire, in order that they might unfold his works and render their testimony plain and irresistible. Nor is it true that knowledge begets pride. This is proved by two great men I have named, as remarkable for modesty as for depth of science. It is only the half learned who are insolent. They are proud because they are ignorant."

EXTRACT OF A COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Christian Philanthropist.

I verily believe there is too much party spirit for the cause of Christianity. Every man has a right to his own opinion; let him enjoy it freely.—When we see a man in an error, and know him to be so, it is our duty to endeavour to put him right; but who can tell whether I or my neighbour is right, who differ widely in some points, but in the most essential agree. Why shall we make words upon that we know not of, and be each other's judge to our own hurt. Let party spirit be done away from among us. Let christians walk hand in hand, for "behold how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." LIBERALITY.

EVIDENCE FOR THE UNITY OF GOD FROM THE LIGHT OF NATURE.

[Concluded from page 7.]

But the earth, though complete in itself, is only a part of another far greater system. In this system the unity of plan indicates with equal clearness the unity of its cause. In its centre is the sun, which dispenses the necessary portions of light and heat to all the surrounding bodies, and at the same time retains them in their orbits by its attraction. The planets, including our earth, move round this centre with the greatest uniformity. They are subject to the same laws. They all describe in their courses the same geometrical figure, viz. the Ellipse; they all move in the same direction, and with degrees of swiftness determined by one rule; they have all nearly the same shape, that of a globe; they all experience the changes of day and night, and the vicissitudes of the seasons. These features of resemblance place it beyond a doubt, that the same powerful Creator, who formed the Earth, formed also the other planets, which have the same constitution, and are subject, so far as we know, to the same laws. The close connexion between the planets and the sun proves also the unity of their cause; and thus the whole solar system appears to be the work of one mind, who first contrived its plan, and determined upon its laws, and then constructed the whole out of disorderly matter according to the sublime conceptions of his eternal reason.

Lastly, the Fixed Stars, though placed at immeasurable distances beyond the limits of our solar system, confess the same almighty Author.—The light which comes from them, possesses all the admirable properties of the light, which comes from the sun. If the sun were placed at a sufficient distance from us, it would present exactly the same appearance as a fixed star. We cannot doubt therefore that the fixed stars are suns, which resemble ours in their nature and uses, and which consequently must have the same cause with ours.

Thus, by traversing in imagination all the parts of creation from the least to the greatest, and observing their resemblances and relations to one another, we arrive, at the great conclusion, that all are the contrivance and workmanship of one Almighty Mind.

Should any one still object, that the universe may possibly have been planned by the counsel and co-operation of many Divinities, we refute the assertion in the following manner: Either all of these supposed Divinities were fallible and limited in their capacities, or one of them at least was infinitely perfect.

If any one of them was infinitely perfect, his wisdom and omnipotence were alone sufficient for the formation of the universe. To suppose the existence of any associated creator, is therefore to assign more causes than are necessary to account for the effects. One Infinite Mind is competent to the production of every thing which exists. To believe therefore in any other designer, either of confined or unlimited powers, is to violate the established principles of reasoning.

The other supposition, that all the Deities concerned in the creation of the universe were limited and imperfect in their faculties, is equally untenable. Such beings could not co-operate. Discord would arise in their counsels. False and con-

lined views would suggest opposite schemes, the execution of which would fill all nature with confusion. The idea of a number of imperfect and finite Divinities is therefore contradicted by the beautiful uniformity of plan, which binds together all the parts of creation in indissoluble harmony, and which continues unimpaired through ages of ages. "If," says Lactantius, "there were in an army as many commanders as companies, it could neither be drawn up in order, nor led out to battle; for all would follow their own private opinions, and do more harm than good. So in the kingdom of nature, unless there was one supreme head, to whom the care and management of the whole belonged, all things would be disjointed and fall to destruction."

Christian Philanthropist:

NEW-BEDFORD, MAY 28, 1822.

THE HISTORY OF LETTERS.

(CONTINUED.)

No part of the history of Rome presents to the philosophical mind a greater variety of incidents out of which to trace the sad effects which systems of savage cruelty and individual usurpation have upon the efforts of the imagination, and those other faculties of the mind which conduce to a literary character, than this memorable period. As the learned took no share in the concerns of the empire, except so far as regarded their personal security, reason and eloquence were deprived at once of those resources which the liberty of discussion, a variety of interests, and collision of talents give rise to in free communities; they lost the authority which they had formerly maintained, and did little to rouse the sleeping energies of a nation, which for physical grandeur and national enterprise, had never been surpassed. Though the emperors, during this epoch, pretended to be fond of amusement, and were anxious to divert the attention of their subjects from their wicked course of conduct, yet they very well knew from the experience of the past, that there were lights which tyranny itself could not extinguish—that there were sources of information which they could not hinder; they very well knew the irresistible empire which the arts exercise; and, above all, the dramatic art over all civilized nations. If the opinions of the learned were confined to themselves—if they had no free press, by means of which to warn mankind of the vile stratagems which tyrants were contriving in order to deprive them of their rights and liberties—still there was one power that remained, by which villainy might be exposed, by which folly might be held up to ridicule, and vice might be rendered infamous—that power was the drama. From the time its effects were first witnessed in Greece, it had become so mighty and universal an expedient, that it would have been absurd, to attempt to destroy it. At that time they considered only how they might direct and chastise it, that it might not prove dangerous to the prerogatives they had assumed.—Princes who have been absolute and enlightened, such as Augustus and Louis 14th, have themselves proved what a charm it held over them, and have had skill enough to turn it to their advantage.—Works of imitation however, in general, ceased to create an interest when fear became the ruling passion, not only of the people at large, but also of the few men of superior acquirements, who usually exercise an influence over it. The best method of cultivating the sciences had not been ascertained; and if it had, the martial genius of the people would not have been favourable to the pursuit of them. The opinions of philosophers, when they dared to express them, were fatal to themselves.

An intellectual despotism was established, which threatened with destruction every author, who should presume to call in question the wisdom or propriety of any measure that the tyrant might suggest. But how difficult it is to shackle the energies of the mind! Driven from one condition of improvement, it resorts to another; and when it can no longer go out of itself to communicate with mankind, it retires within, and builds to itself in reflection, a castle of strength, impenetrable by force, and accessible only to virtue! Tyranny is the greatest enemy of that species of literature which owes its existence to a highly cultivated genius; but even tyranny, dreadful as it really is, has been sometimes not unfavourable to the development of the mind, and the progress of the human understanding. Yes; the works of this period prove the truth of the remark. The writings of this age exhibit less vivacity and less attention to the beauties of composition, than those of the republic; but what they lost in these respects, was made up by the dignity they acquired and the force and energy that were produced by habits of solitary reflection.

Notwithstanding the affectation of some writers, and the servility of others, this epoch of Latin literature "was more celebrated for men of profound genius, judgment and solid understanding than any which preceded it." Tacitus continued still to write, and it was in this age that Pliny the younger, Seneca and Quintilian gave to mankind their admired works. The last of these geniuses did even more than Cicero with all his elegance of style and brilliant talents had accomplished in attempting to give Rome a character for mental force and intellectual superiority. His writings are read by the moderns with delight and interest, and, without being remarkable for ornament, are enriched with great and useful ideas.—It may be proper, as we have thus glanced at the Latin literature, as it once existed, that we should just mention here some of the causes which contributed to its decline as well as to that of the Roman Empire.

As the art of printing was unknown to the Ancients, the opinions of philosophers, and the theories of men who were able to discover, and in some measure to reform the abuses that prevailed, had a very feeble influence upon the great mass of the people. There was felt the want of something more energetic than idle speculations—than mere methods of reform, which were excellent in themselves, but which could not be expressed without the utmost danger. Eloquence, the only intellectual power that could exist in Rome, and the great bond which holds together every political association, had long since ceased to influence public events; it flourished during the republic, when enlightened men could think and feel, and express themselves without fear; but when trammelled by the caprice and eternal vigilance of a tyrant, it had nothing from which to derive support. At that time, every thing was decided, as it were, by fate. What could eloquence effect? How could it rouse the ambition of a nation that had so long been degraded by servitude? How could it enlighten the minds of a people, that had so long been corrupted by vice? What motives could an orator have presented—what arguments could he have urged to men, whom the greatest examples of antiquity could inspire with no high and generous sentiments? When the closely associated ideas of glory, virtue and happiness were once severed—when those artificial barriers that society had raised to preserve its dignity were once overthrown, there was not one single opinion in the whole moral world that could influence in the least their slavish minds. Public depravity had paved the way for public ruin. When the health and vigour of the republic were once broken, the na-

tion hastened to its decline. As soon as internal symptoms of weakness appeared, the least external violence was sufficient to accomplish its dissolution. Romans forgot what they were, and remembered only what they had been; and by neglecting the means of present safety, became an easy prey to their invaders. (To be continued.)

THE SYBILS:

*Ultima Curmæi jam carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo:
Jam nova progenies Cælo demittitur alto!
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.*
VIRG. Ec. 4.

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finished course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven descends.

DRYDEN.

Mankind have been very much divided in their religious opinions, their forms of worship, their creeds, and the modes of church discipline. To an inquirer after truth, it must be a desirable thing to know what those who lived at the same time with our Saviour, and in the succeeding age, have handed down to us on these important subjects. Unfortunately for us, the historian has been able to collect little evidence, and far less than is sufficient to satisfy the curious and grasping mind. It appears however, that religion soon after the time of our Saviour, departed from its primitive simplicity, and assumed a degree of pomp and ceremony, which was unworthy of its character, and in no ways adapted to command our respect. In an age when mankind were favoured with special communications from heaven, and the mind was fond of the marvellous, it is not wonderful that some should vainly imagine themselves divinely inspired; that some should mistake the workings of their own passions for divine communications; and should fancy themselves immediately actuated by a superior agency, when they were under no other influence than that of an over-heated imagination. It may well excite astonishment, that any in the silence of reflection, should have the hardihood to invent, for the sake of reputation, what they knew to be false, and should be able to impose so greatly on the credulity of the people, as to acquire to their incoherent rhapsodies a high degree of respect—a respect bordering upon that which was paid to a real and well attested Revelation. But the Founder of the Christian Religion, and his Apostles after him, predicted that such persons should appear; and however our regard for human nature may be shaken by the sad reflection, we have every reason to believe that such persons did rise up in the early ages of the Church, who in this high arrogant manner set themselves to provoke the vengeance of heaven, and who, by their vices did every thing to accelerate that long period of mid-night darkness which soon after overspread the face of the civilized world.

The books that are attributed to the Sybils, were frequently cited by the ancient writers, to convince the Pagans of the truth of the religion of Jesus Christ. No surer method than this could possibly have been adopted to bring them over to the faith. Among the Ancients, the testimony of the Sybils carried with it greater weight and authority than any thing else. They considered it as authorizing all their superstitious rites and ceremonies, and esteemed it the most sublime part of their religion. If this testimony could be brought to favour the Christian Revelation, an important point was gained at once; a strong and powerful hold was obtained on the faith and belief of the Pagan nations;—none would dare to deny what the Sybils

had revealed, as every thing uttered by them was received with the most implicit confidence.

But who were the Sybils? In what manner did they reveal things? Did their testimony affect Christianity? Are we to give it any credit? These are the points we are to examine, and if, in the investigation of them, we are so happy as to gratify the curiosity of the antiquary, or to introduce the more modern inquirer to any striking events, which may hitherto have escaped his notice; above all, if we are able to convince our readers that enthusiasm operates in the same manner in every age, and receives only a different cast from the habits and manners of the people, we shall have accomplished something which may be deemed a sufficient apology for going back so many thousand years into the regions of darkness to ransack the cells of frantic spirits for the amusement and information of those that are sane.

From the most authentic records which are handed down to us, we have been able to ascertain with certainty, that the name of Sybils was given in ancient times to certain women, who being transported with the most extravagant fury, caused either by violence of passion, or in the opinion of some, by the possession of evil spirits, pronounced various obscure and enigmatical sentences, which were considered by the Pagans as oracles and predictions. Poets have generally described the appearance of the Sybils, when under this supernatural influence, according to their own fancy. We well know that their colouring is not always just. We have reason however to conclude, that the mania of the Sybils first discovered itself in the countenance, and afterwards became more discernible by a certain wildness in the general air and manner, communicating an unusual command of language and energy of utterance, convulsing and distorting the features, throwing the corporeal system into violent agitation, and giving to their whole deportment an air of mystery and a tincture of every thing that is furious and wonderful. The Sybils, in their own opinion, were the special favourites of the Gods—had a more familiar correspondence with them than other mortals, and received from them extraordinary communications. The thoughts which suddenly arose in their minds were considered as the suggestions of a Divine Spirit; the creations of fancy were heavenly illuminations, and every strong inclination was an impulse of the Gods, and a plain revelation of their will.

The number of the Sybils has never been precisely ascertained. Most writers however consider them about ten in number. It is stated that the Sybil of Cuma, wrote her oracles on the leaves of trees, and that a collection of them was offered by a certain woman to Tarquin. She carried at first nine volumes, as the story goes, which she offered to sell at a dear rate; but perceiving that Tarquin would not give her what she required, she burnt three of them; afterwards having demanded as much for the other six, as she had done for the nine, and being repulsed, she burnt three more, when at last, the king astonished at her boldness, bought the three that were left at the same price that she had asked for the nine. He caused them then to be carefully deposited in an urn, and to be placed in the capitol, having appointed two officers for the special purpose of keeping the oracles with care, and of consulting them on urgent occasions. The number of those who executed this commission were gradually increased; for there were afterwards ten, and at last fifteen, constituted for this purpose; and very severe punishments were inflicted on these persons if they suffered the books of the Sybils to be seen. These books were thus preserved until the year 671 after the foundation of Rome, which was the 83d before the birth

of Jesus Christ. But the capital being burnt that same year, these books were likewise consumed with the rest of the ornaments of the palace.—When the Capitol was rebuilt, the Consuls, it is said, made a proposition to the Senate, to send ambassadors into Greece and Asia, to collect the oracles of the Sybils, and to transmit them to Rome. Certain individuals were intrusted with the embassy, who brought out of Asia a thousand verses attributed to the Sybils, which they had gathered throughout all the parts of that country from the copies of different private persons. As there were many things in them that were esteemed false or superfluous, fifteen men were appointed to revise and correct them, and after this correction, they were placed in the Capitol in the room of the others. In the time of Augustus, these books were again reviewed, and more than two thousand verses, attributed to the Sybils, were burnt by the command of the emperor; and those that were allowed to be genuine, were enclosed in two golden boxes, in the temple of Apollo. It is the opinion of some, that these writings were burnt in the conflagration of Rome under Nero; but sufficient evidence has not been brought to establish the fact. It is certain, however, that during the reign of the emperors at Rome, the oracles ascribed to the Sybils were carefully preserved there, to which they had recourse on all occasions of an extraordinary nature. Such is the account which is given of the Sybils and their oracles by the Latin writers, and the celebrated French historian, Lewis Ellies du Pin.

It appears, that in the early part of the eighteenth century, there were extant many Greek verses attributed to the Sybils, but which from their style, the time in which they were written, and the things they contain, are now universally allowed to have been a fictitious work. Now there is sufficient evidence to convince any rational person that these verses which were divided into eight books, are the very same which were in the hands of Christians in the early ages, and were made use of by them—to convince the Greeks, the Romans and other nations of antiquity of the truths revealed by the Christian religion, and the certainty that this religion came from heaven. Except in three or four passages, all the others which are quoted by the Fathers of the church, and they are very numerous, are found to have been expressed in equivalent terms in the Sybilline books that were extant at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and are perhaps, preserved to the present day. The strongest argument that can be alleged to prove the antiquity of any work is, that those passages, which are cited by ancient writers, are found in the work. We find this to be the case with the books in question. May we not conclude then, that the Sybilline books, though originally forged, are the same with those that were formerly extant? Does not this argument acquire more force, when we consider that the same may be urged not only against a single passage, but against many passages, and that the Sybilline oracles still remained in the same language in which they were originally written? And moreover, that all that is said by the ancient writers concerning the books of the Sybils, which were in their hands, corresponds with those that have come down to us? The conclusion then is, that the books of the Sybils were forged. Forged by whom? By Christians. For what purpose? To convert Pagans. A Pagan religion was invented by Christians to convince Pagans of Christianity. What was the effect? The Pagans detected the cheat, and the Christians were considered as knaves.

The verses that we have chosen for the motto of this essay, and which were taken in part from the

oracles of the Cumean Sybil, have been some times cited as containing a prediction of the appearance of our Saviour. We have shown however, that they are not to be so considered. When Julius Cæsar, and Augustus after him actually made themselves masters of the Roman empire, it appears that the prophetic expressions of the Sybils were interpreted in their favour. This led Virgil, who intended in his fourth Eclogue to compose verses in honour of Pollio, his patron, and also to extol Augustus at the same time, and to describe the felicity of his reign, to make use of the prediction of the Sybil, as being better calculated to promote his object than any fine thing which he could say on the occasion.

The Christian religion needs no foreign aid. It stands upon its own evidence. It discountenances every thing that is profane or fraudulent. It requires in the life of man a uniform, beautiful transcript of every thing good and just, and in the faith of man, a calm and deliberate exercise of the understanding. The behaviour of persons, who are remarkable for their enthusiastic temper, affords no true criterion of its value. Religion, we believe, does not authorize such a temper. If through the pride of the human heart, an empty ambitious spirit, accompanied with rashness and arrogance, men become accessory to their own delusion, they have themselves only to blame, as they only reap the fruits of their own extravagance. The first discovery of such a spirit, unless due precautions are taken to counteract its effects, is very much to be dreaded, as it is impossible to say how far it may be carried, or what sad effects may result from it.

MARRIED.

In *Boston*, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Capt. George Bugnon to Miss Charlotte Morse, both of that city.

In *Cambridgeport*, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gannett, Capt. Benjamin Gorham to Miss Frances Harrison, daughter of the late James Harrison, Esq. of Charlestown.

In *Providence*, by the Rev. Mr. Edes, Samuel Nightingale, Esq. to Miss Eliza Rogers, daughter of the late John Rogers, Esq.

In *New-York*, by the Rev. Mr. Wainwright Mr. Jacob Le Roy, son of Herman Le Roy, Esq. to Miss Charlotte Downes Otis, daughter of Thomas Otis, Esq.

DIED.

In this town on the 20th inst. FRANCIS ROTCH, Esq. aged 73 years.

It would be an act of injustice to private worth to suffer this remarkable man to pass off the stage, without paying a tribute of respect to his memory. His active mind was ever constantly employed in the pursuit of something that might be beneficial to mankind. He gave to his creative genius an unlimited range, and marked out to himself the paths which he chose to travel. Disappointment, and the failure of his plans, occasioned him neither regret or uneasiness any farther than the ultimate happiness of mankind was implicated in them. A true model of politeness and affability in his intercourse with others, he uniformly diverted their attention from himself, especially when afflicted by misfortunes, or ill health, to the consideration of such things as he knew would be most agreeable to them, from their peculiar dispositions, or the general prevalence of their habits and pursuits. Generous in his feelings, yet discriminating in his bounty, he was the unknown contributor to the necessities of many, and the enlightened patron of talents in this country and in Europe. The sufferings he experienced towards the close of life were supported with distinguished fortitude and unshaken firmness of spirit, and though in themselves extremely acute, are not remembered to have drawn forth from him a single complaint. He lived a philosopher, and died a philosopher. He was learned without austerity, and liberal without ostentation, and all his investigations of every kind were carried to a great extent. The person who has passed through life with as few blemishes and as many virtues, is rarely to be met with in modern times.

POETRY.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE EVENING LAKE.

HOW softly o'er the silver lake
Our little pinnace glides along,
As if its prow did fear to break
The waveless mirror—all is still
Except the boatman's song!

Fair maid, that from yon castle walls,
Mayhap, now lookest on our way,
Thy tender looks my heart recalls,
Thine anxious eyes, that silently
Did seem to bid me stay!

Far from the world, with thee remote,
While suns did brightly set and rise,
How sweet would be the woodland cot;
Envy and care would be exiled,
And earth seem paradise!

Farewell! ye melancholy towers;
Ye forests dark, and verdant vales;
Ye gardens, rich with summer flowers;
Before I visit ye again,
Far winds must fill my sails.

Maid of my heart! a sad adieu!
When evening suns are beaming bright,
Take of this lake a lingering view,
And think, 'twas last on yonder lake
He faded from my sight!

And oft, on far and foreign shore,
I'll rest alone at eventide;
In fancy roam these vallies o'er,
And see, within the garden bower,
Thee, sweet, of all the pride!

ANECDOTE.

Of DR. BARROW and the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

Dr. Isaac Barrow was a most sublime genius, an accomplished divine, a profound mathematician, and the glory of Cambridge; but withal, one of the greatest slovens in nature.—He was so careless of his dress and person, that his appearance was frequently disgusting. Coming up to London from the University, he was appointed to preach before King Charles the Second, at Whitehall. Towards the close of the sermon the Duke of Buckingham came into the chapel, and was a little shocked at the exterior of the parson, which promised nothing very excellent. In short, having no knowledge of him by sight, he took him for some low country Clergyman; and was not a little offended at seeing him in that honourable station. As the duke had a talent above all men for turning every thing into ridicule, he determined to exercise it on this miserable Ecclesiastic, as he deemed him; and accordingly singling him out in an antichamber, whither the doctor was come after service, he abruptly accosted him with, I think, master, you preach before his majesty to-day. Barrow, who was as little acquainted with the duke as the duke was with him, replied, Yes, sir, I had that honour. Pray, said the duke, are you a country clergyman, or are you benefited in London? I am of Cambridge, sir, answered the doctor, and am come lately from thence hither. Oh! says the duke, from Cambridge; aye, that is a noble university; you have several considerable men there. Yes, sir, said the doctor, there are many very eminent. Well, but however, said the duke, I reckon you have some one or other that bears the bell, as we say, among you; that

is, who outshines all the rest in accomplishments, and accordingly held in superior esteem, and has a visible pre-eminence of character? Pray, who is the person that holds this rank in that illustrious body you belong to? The doctor answered, that was a point he could not pretend to determine. No! said the duke, that is surprising, seeing you have one man in your learned community, of so conspicuous a figure, that it is almost impossible he should escape any one's observation. Pray, good sir, what do you think of Dr. Isaac Barrow? I have heard of such a one, answered the doctor. This supposition slight upon the hero put the duke out of all patience; and he let fly such a volley of ill language at the offender, as sufficiently testified his resentment. Why, you contemptible loggerhead, said he, dare you presume to say you are of Cambridge, and know so little, or speak so slightly, of the glory of it? You assume the ensigns of the priestly order, and are unacquainted with the brightest ornament of it!—I took you for an ass, when first I saw you; and now find by experience my judgment was not deceived. After these and some other like courtly expressions, the duke hastened from the amazed doctor to the king, whom he immediately accosted with, Pray sir, who was it that preached before your majesty this morning? The king replied, You should ask the lord chamberlain: you know, it is whoever he appoints, for I never trouble myself about it. But pray what makes you inquire? Why, said he, I never saw a parson look so like a fool in my life! I found him sauntering in the anti-chamber, as I came hither, and I have been roasting him most finely.—How so? said the king. How so? said the duke. It was impossible to forbear; nay, had it not been in respect to his cloth, I believe I should have thrashed him. The idiot's whole mien was so unpolite, that I was sure he had never before breathed the air of a court; I asked him therefore whence he came? He said, from Cambridge; the very name of Alma Mater inspired me with some regard for him, and I began to converse with him as a reasonable creature. I took it for granted he could not be a stranger to the place, and knew who were of greatest note in it; but I found the wall of his college was not more ignorant. When I asked him, who were the most admired and applauded of the society? it was a matter, forsooth, he could not pretend to judge of; and when I tried him farther, by naming the honour of our age, as well as of the university, Dr. Barrow, what do you think the wretch muttered? Why, truly, that he had heard of such a one. I could no longer bear his stupidity; and I have given him such a lecture, as will not easily slip his memory. The king could hardly refrain from laughing at this recital; he saw the scrape the duke had brought himself into; and now very gravely asked him, if he had heard any of the sermon, the preacher of which he had been so liberally abusing? No, said the duke, I just popped my head into the chapel, and saw the boar in the rostrum, which was a sufficient antidote to any further curiosity. You was very unfortunate, said the king; if you had given a little attention, you would have been charmed with the discourse, as I was; and it would have prevented an adventure which will cause a good deal of merriment, but at your cost. I assure

you; for that insignificant animal, as you reputed him, whom you have been mawling so, is no other, I protest to you, than the indolent Dr. Isaac Barrow. The duke was thunder-struck; he asked the king, was he in earnest? his majesty swore it to him. Away his grace ran, and happily found the doctor where he had left him. He made a very low bow, seized his hand, and told him, he was a penitent come to implore his forgiveness of a fault, that would be unpardonable, was it not a sin of ignorance, and strangely owing to the criminal's profound veneration of the offended. Dr. Barrow was too sensible of the extraordinary compliment which the duke had inadvertently paid him, though delivered in the garb of an insult, not to say an outrage, but which was plainly the effect of his grace's high estimation of his merit, and impetuous concern for the dignity of his character, and therefore thought himself not only bound to grant the duke immediately a plenary pardon, but to profess a most grateful sense of the honour (instead of an affront) which his grace had conferred upon him; while the duke, on the other hand, vowed an attachment to the doctor's interest, that nothing but the too early death of that consummate genius afterwards dissolved.

Treaty with France.—The N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser says—A gentleman of this city informs us, he has received from good authority information that a provisional arrangement is concluded between our government and France, and that the fact will be officially promulgated in a few days. He adds, that the vessels of both nations will be admitted in the respective ports on the same terms as formerly.

TURKS AND GREEKS.

Capt. Davis, arrived at New-York from Leghorn, states that intelligence from the Morea to March 5th had reached Leghorn. The report which had prevailed of an engagement between the Turkish and Grecian fleets was incorrect. It was not known at Leghorn that war had been declared, but the Russian and Turkish armies were concentrating on the frontiers.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF NEW-BEDFORD.

ARRIVED,

May 17th—Ship Herald, Neale, from Brazil Bank; and sch. Two Sisters, Bangs, Saco.

20th—Ship Amazon, Gibbs, from Brazil Bank; and sch. Telemachus, Hitch, from whaling.

21st—Sloop Henry, West, Providence.

22d—Sloops Spartan, Gibbs, from Savannah via Norfolk; Ann, Wood, New-York.

23d—Brig William Thacher, Chase, from Cape de Verdes and 77 days from St. Catherine's.

Also, ship Pindus, Eldredge, from Brazil Bank; and sloop William, Howland, Philadelphia.

24th—Sloops Rockets, Hart, from Richmond; and Pomona, Akin, Boston.

26th—Charlotte, Benson, from Saco, with lumber; sch's Polly, Hardin, from Saco, with lumber; Betsey, Perry, Kennebeck, with lumber.

Entered—Sch. Liberty, Snow, Machias; sloops Olive Branch, Hawes, Halifax; Washington, Baker, Boston.

Cleared—Ships William Rotch, Tobey, for Pacific Ocean and Japan, whaling; Alliance, Coffin, Pacific Ocean; brig Industry, Parker, Coast of Africa, whaling.

TERMS OF THE PHILANTHROPIST:

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